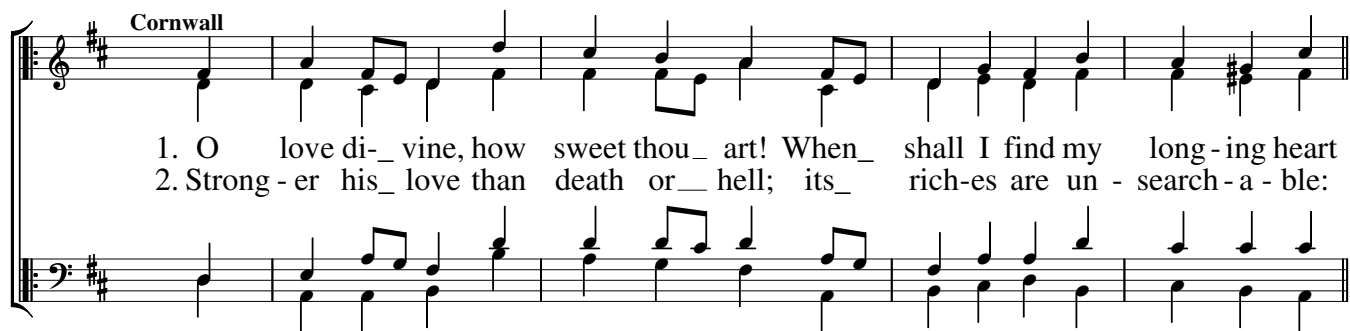


Charles Wesley  
(1707-88)

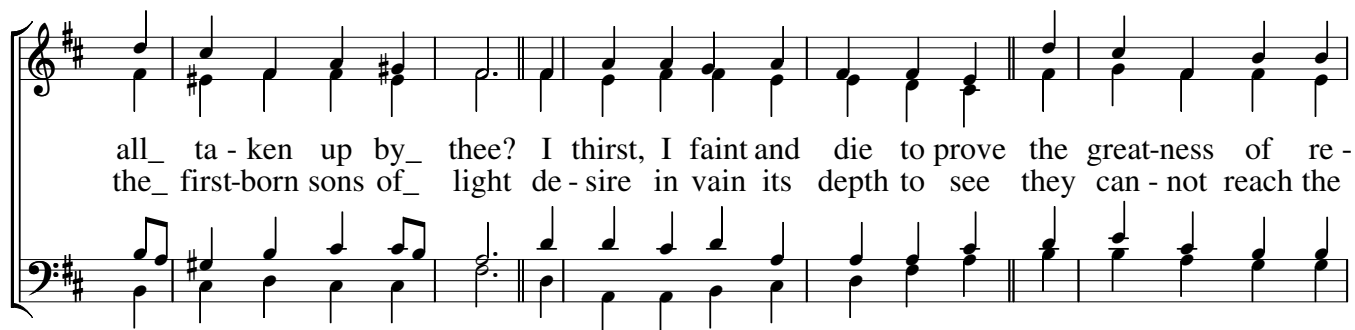
# O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art

S. S. Wesley  
(1810-76)

Cornwall



1. O love di- vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my long- ing heart  
2. Strong- er his\_ love than death or\_ hell; its\_ rich- es are un- search- a- ble:



all\_ ta- ken up by\_ thee? I thirst, I faint and die to prove the great- ness of re-  
the\_ first-born sons of\_ light de- sire in vain its depth to see they can- not reach the



deem- ing\_ love, the love of Christ to me. 3. God on- ly\_ knows the love of\_ God; O\_  
mys- te\_ ry, the length and breadth and height. 4. For e- ver\_ would I take my\_ seat with\_



that it now were shed a- broad in\_ this poor sto- ny\_ heart! For love I sigh, for  
Ma- ry at the Mas- ter's feet: be\_ this my hap- py\_ choice; my on- ly care, de-



love I pine; this on- ly por- tion, Lord, be mine, be\_ mine this bet- ter part.  
light and bliss my joy, my heaven on earth, be this, to\_ hear the Bride- groom's voice.